

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

Vol. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, JUNE 29, 1796.

[No. 52.]

REFLECTIONS on the SIZE of our GLOBE.

IT is not as easy as we imagine to be certain of the size of our earth. There is indeed but one longitude, yet there are two latitudes, north and south. Both begin at the equator: the one extends towards the north, and the other towards the south, as far as the poles, either arctic or antarctic. But no one has yet been able to go as far as either pole, because the mountains of ice in Greenland, and in the northern seas, have always obstructed the passage. However, thanks to the geometers, we at present know nearly the size of our globe; and, according to the most exact calculations, the surface of the earth is nine millions, two hundred thousand, and eighty-eight square leagues. The water takes up two thirds of that space; so that what remains for terra firma is reduced to three millions and ninety six thousand square leagues. It has been calculated, that there may be, at least, three thousand millions of men upon the earth; but, perhaps, in reality, there are not more than one thousand and fourscore millions; of which there are, in Asia, 650 millions; in Africa, 150 millions; in America, 150 millions; in Europe, 130 millions. If, then, we suppose the earth is inhabited by one thousand millions of men, or thereabouts, and that thirty three years make a generation, it follows, that, in that space of time, there die one thousand millions. Thus, the number who die on earth amounts to

Each year,	30,000,000
Each day,	82,000
Each hour,	3,400
Each minute,	60
Each second,	1

This calculation must necessarily strike us. If the mortality is so great every year, and even every hour, is it not probable that he who reflects on it may himself be one of those which swell the list of the dead? It is at least certain that it ought to lead us often to serious reflections. Now, at this moment, one of our fellow-creatures is going out of the world; and, before this hour be passed, more than three thousand souls will have entered into eternity. What a motive for thinking often and seriously upon death! Prodigious as the

earth appears, its greatness vanishes at once, when we come to compare this globe to the other worlds which roll over our heads. The earth is then, in comparison of the whole universe, what a grain of sand is to the highest mountain.

But, how does this thought exalt thee in our eyes! How inexpressible and infinite does thy greatness appear, O thou Creator of heaven and earth! The world, and all its inhabitants, are before thee as a drop in the ocean, or as the light atoms which float in the air. And what am I, amongst these thousand millions of inhabitants of the earth? What am I before thee! thou immense, infinite, and eternal Being!

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE TIMES.

WHAT amiable---what admirable times have been! when poverty was accounted a virtue, luxury detested, the love of one's country superior to parental affection, and merit the means of preferment alone! But how strangely are the minds of men corrupted! Honesty, that god-like virtue, has been derided: villainy has been encouraged: the amor patriæ has been said---"to be no more than the love of an ass for his stall."

TRUTH.

DIFFIDENCE.

CONSIDER that it is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits graceful upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves without any reserve to the view.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS.
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIÈRE.

Translated from the French.

Continued from page 402.

I RECEIVED no answer that night, but the next morning a letter from Sinclair was brought to my bed; I trembled while I opened it, and read as follows:

"It is true I was your friend, but you never were mine; you! who openly avow you have long suspected me of the basest of all perfidy; you! who have believed me the vilest of men; were you ever my friend? Oh, no!--I own I saw your jealousy, but imagined your heart disavowed the mean suspicion, and ultimately trusted me; I thought you supposed it an involuntary passion, and believed I deceived myself in my own feelings; therefore I concluded your jealousy extravagant only and capricious, but that you could not for a moment doubt the probity of your friend. Such was the opinion I had of you; in destroying this belief, you have forever destroyed the friendship of which it was the basis. Appearances you alledge were so strong in this last instance. But have you not accused me in your heart a thousand times previous to this event? Besides, when the honour of a wife and a friend is in question, ought we to judge from appearances?"

"Being determined never to see you again, it is my duty here to clear up whatever may appear mysterious in the conduct of your wife. Her prudence would never suffer her to hear a secret from a person of my age; her friend Belinda was sufficiently acquainted with her to be certain of this; therefore, in confiding her own to Julia, she was assured I should remain a stranger to that confidence, so long as it was necessary you should be so too. On the other hand, Belinda, doubtful of your discretion, and mortally fearing I should open my heart to you, exacted a promise that I absolutely would not; and to engage me more readily and firmly, protested she was irrevocably resolved not to confide the secret to any one person, no, not even to Julia; neither was it till yesterday that I discovered this artifice.

"After this explanation, when you will understand the excess of your injustice, it is to be hoped you will feel, at the same time, how terrible it is never to see our mistakes till they are past reparation. The reasonings and counsels of friendship have been all ineffectual; experience, I hope, will bring conviction. Remember, that to distrust without ceasing those that are dearest to you, to cherish improbable and dreadful suspicion against them, is an insupportable self-punishment, and the torment of the wicked and the weak.

"Farewell! you have lost a faithful friend! I an illusion! but that illusion was too dear to me not to be for ever regretted! What social moments have you foregone! what ties have you dissolved! Unhappy man! I bewail your fate. However, a new source of felicity presents itself; you will soon be a father; may you be a happy one!"

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered hastily into my chamber—Rise instantly, said he, Julia asks for you; she has passed a shocking night; yesterday's busi-

ness has had an effect which, in her situation, may be fatal.

An effect! what effect? Good God! cried I, send to Paris for help instantly.

I have done that already, said my uncle; but in addition to her trouble, she has received news from Paris which she has scarcely strength to support. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very interesting; but Julia hearing this note was brought by the valet de chambre, she would speak to him, and learned that Belinda has seen her uncle, declared her marriage, and he has determined never to look upon her again. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia, and the more so, for that you alone have been the cause.

During this explanation, I dressed myself with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and suffering the pangs of labour. The physician arrived, and foretold the consequences, for the same evening she miscarried. Inconsovable for the loss of her child, she could not dissemble her grief: See, said she, bitterly weeping, see what you cost me.

This cutting reproach, the first she ever made me, completed my distress. I had myself in horror! supposed myself detested! and, far from endeavouring to redress the wrongs I had done, I aggravated them by a gloomy despair.

As soon as my wife was capable, we returned to Paris. In vain did she endeavour to conceal her grief; she moaned over her late loss, and wept for her friend; for Sinclair, inflexible and determined to see me no more, had taken his wife into the farthest part of Poitou; add to which, Julia had still another subject of affliction, not less severe than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealousy; and the history of the pocket-book, and my behaviour, had been told a thousand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not justified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived too by false recitals; they concluded, from my fury and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impossible she should be innocent. Julia immediately saw, by the manner in which she was received in the world, she had lost that consideration and respect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues.

With feelings too acute for consolation, and too proud to complain, she cherished in her heart a secret and cruel chagrin. I saw the injustice she suffered, I imagined her grief, I felt stronger than ever how much reason she had to hate me, for being the sole author of all her troubles; concluding myself, therefore, the object of her resentment and aversion, I endeavoured not to console her, and attributed the gentleness with which she treated me to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by increasing my despondency, soured my impetuous temper to that degree, that I became each day more and more sullen, savage, and insupportable.

Several months passed thus, till at last, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that she was ready to sink under her woes, I suddenly took a resolution to part from her, and give her back her liberty.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON DISCRETION.

THERE are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion: It is this which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, wit impertinence, and virtue itself looks like weakness. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; and does not only make a man the master of his own parts, but also of other men's.

The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LION.

WHAT distinguishes this animal's appearance from others, is chiefly his head, neck, chin, and shoulders being covered with long shaggy hair like a mane. It has very strong limbs, and a long tail with a tuft of hair at the end. The colour is tawny, except on the belly, where it inclines to white. The length of the largest lion from the nose to the tail, is about eight feet. The lioness is less, and has no mane.

Climate little affects this noble animal. He subsists as well under the frigid poles, as beneath the torrid zone, while most other animals are adapted to live in particular latitudes.

The lion abounds chiefly in the torrid zone, where they are the largest and most tremendous. The burning sun and arid soil seem to inflame their nature to the greatest height of savage ferocity. The lions in the colder regions, such as mount Atlas, are much inferior in strength and spirit. The torrid zone affording few rivers or fountains, causes the lion to live in a perpetual fever, which excites in him a sort of madness that is fatal to every animal he meets. It is, therefore, happy this ferocious creature, as travellers in general relate, are daily declining in the number of the species. But, perhaps, were they to be entirely extirpated, other animals, on which they prey, might be too numerous for the safety and welfare of the inhabitants of those dreadful countries. We had, therefore, better leave the proportioning the number of this animal to him, who measures all things by the scale of his unerring wisdom and providence. The eyes of a lion are always bright and fiery, even in death. The paws, teeth, eyes, and tongue, perfectly resemble those of a cat. There is scarcely any difference in their internal parts.

A D V I C E.

NEVER indulge in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good-breeding, will be a sufficient check.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Percey first published his Collection of Ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening at Miss Reynolds's tea table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:—
Thou can'st not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the Reverend Critic cried out for quarter, having felt the keenness of the Doctor's satire in its fullest force.

REMARKABLE COURAGE.

HENRY the Fourth of France, always shewed great intrepidity and generosity towards his enemies, even to those who, stimulated by a fanatic zeal, wished to take away his life. The historian Le Grain records an adventure which happened to this Monarch with one Captain Michau, who had pretended to desert from the Spanish service, and go over to that of Henry, in order to find an opportunity of assassinating him. One day, says that historian, as Henry was hunting in the forest of Allas, he perceives Captain Michau at his heels, well mounted, and with a couple of pistols cocked and primed: the King was alone, no assistance was at hand, as it is the custom of hunters to be scattered from one another. Henry, seeing Michau approach, said, in a bold and determined manner, *Captain Michau, alight; I want to try whether your horse be as good a one as you say he is.* Michau obeyed; the King mounted his horse, and, taking the two pistols, said, *Hast thou a mind to kill any one? I have been told that thou hadst a design to kill me; but it is in my power to kill thee, if I chuse.* As he said this, he fired the two pistols into the air, and ordered Michau to follow him. The Captain, after many excuses, took his leave in two days after, and never again made his appearance.—

FROM LAVATER.

THE more you can forget others who suffer, and dwell upon yourself who suffer not, the more contemptible is your self-love.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ORLANDO.

NEW-YORK, June 24, 1796.

SIR,

"WHOM the shoe fits, let him wear it," is an old saying, and pardon me if I apply it to yourself: For, by the whole strain of your epistle I am led to suppose I have "hit the right nail upon the head," and that you are one of those whom I have made bold to speak of with such *disrespect*, in the first paragraph of my last letter to Ethicus.---Although you seemingly endeavour to act the hypocrite in part of the contents of your epistle, yet I think your real character is visible enough without the assistance of a perspective.

No one but an idiot would have supposed that I excluded none of the male part of the creation from the charge of *seduction*. Heaven forbid that I ever should foster such an idea.---Were you possessed of *one grain of sense*, you would not have come forward with such a *weak* charge; not only weak, but *foolish*.---A guilty person, in his confusion, will lay hold of any thing, with a hope that he may thereby crush his antagonist; but you have sadly mistaken your point; instead of silencing me, as you, no doubt, thought, it has been the means of rousing me to defend my assertions, fully resolved *not to "recede" from them.*"

As I am conscious of having committed no crime, I feel no gratitude move in my breast towards you for your promised "*pardon*."

How full of vanity is man! and you, Orlando, have no small portion of it.---I have been considering what I shall liken you unto; and at length have found your picture. Yes, you bear a strict resemblance to *Æsop's daw in borrowed plumes*. For, puffed up with your own *greatness* and self *conceit*, and supposing me not capable of withstanding your rhetoric, you have fondly imagined that I owned to you I wrote what was not right---that, trembling at my own diminutive appearance, in the most submissive manner I approached your "ear," and there in faltering accents uttered the following--"O Orlando! "O! second Don Quixote, sensible of my own "littleness, I have ventured to intercede with you for a "*pardon*, for attacking in such a barbarous manner, a "character called a *seducer*.---Deign but by one slight "nod of your head, to convince me, you have granted "forgiveness for my truly *unpardonable* offence!!!"---Such, no doubt, have been your thoughts, till almost arisen to reality you have stretched forth your hand for the purpose of levelling me to the floor, and, O horrid to relate! have sorely bruised it against the wall!

Was I *certain* of my being censured by those whose cause I endeavoured to vindicate, I should be sorry indeed.

Your's, &c.

MELPOMENUS.

A LAUDABLE INSTANCE OF AVARICE.

MISERS are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate; and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as mad-men, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded, by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation; many who by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of this character among us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest whose name was Gardinet, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness: and by the skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitting frugality. This good man had long experienced the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

B E A U T Y.

THE human genius, with the best assistance and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention: it then prefers extravagance and rant to justness; a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature; and the showy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with that false and misshapen deception that pleased before, and rests with delight on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy and unaffected grandeur.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 406.)

I COMMUNICATED my distress to the Count, who found my doubts well founded but not indissoluble. In "cases where different duties cross each other," said he, "not the *heart*, which is a blind and partial guide, but *reason* ought to decide, and the latter always will declare for that party which is supported by the strongest arguments. What motives can you alledge for your returning to your father? Filial love? This sentiment is a sacred one; but is your vow to travel to Fr**ce less so? and are not the duties you owe to your country and your lawful king, two additional important motives which speak loudly for your journey to Fr**ce? You see for which side the greatest number of motives decides; let us now examine whither the weight of motives inclines the scale. For what purpose are you to return to the arms of your father? in order to afford him the *pleasure* of seeing you once more, and bestowing his paternal benediction upon you. For what purpose did the *Unknown* send you to Fr**ce? Was it not for the *benefit* of your country, and the lawful king? What motive is most important, that of giving *pleasure* or being *useful*? What duty is most pressing, that of satisfying the wishes of a *father*, or that of accomplishing those of one's *country*? But let us now examine the consequences. If you travel to Fr**ce, your father may perhaps die without having seen you once more, and this I cannot deny, would be painful to you and to him; however his grief will be cured by death, and yours by time. But how could you repair the damage which your country would receive by your return to your father? It is evident that Hiermanfor intends to make use of your assistance as a chief spring in the great machine which his wisdom has composed for effecting the restoration of the old King, and the release of your country. What would you say if you, by obeying the last command of your father, should put a stop to, or perhaps entirely undo the motion of the machine? or do you know what an important influence your journey to Fr**ce may have on its motion? It is at least certain that Hiermanfor makes use of that journey as a mean of executing the great plan which he has formed; and how much he has it at heart you may conclude from the emphasis with which he has exhorted you not to suffer your journey to be retarded by any thing? you promised upon oath to execute your commission faithfully, and now you hesitate whether you shall keep or break your promise."

"I will keep it!" I exclaimed, covered with shame. "Yet the powerful influence of filial tenderness will excuse my momentary hesitation."

"Your Grace!" said the Count, taking me kindly by the hand, "the sweetest reward awaits you. Do you recollect that promise?"

This unexpected turn, entirely changed my whole disposition of mind in a moment. I would have travelled to Fr**ce, from motives of duty, but was hurried on by a secret charm, which exercised a sweet power over my heart, and made me anxious to execute my commission with all possible expedition. All the delightful enchanting pictures of the preceding night crowded again on my imagination; Amelia seemed to bid me go to Fr**ce, her image expelled that of my father. I fancied I heard the exhortation of the *Unknown*, of my country, and the old King: the voice of honour and love silenced that of a dying father; the idea that he perhaps had been the cause of my separation from Amelia, that the deed of which he had been accused by the apparition might have alienated her heart from me, made my blood ferment with additional violence; I had no rest, and ordered the servant to prepare for our departure without delay.

"Not so rash! my Lord!" said the Count, "you cannot obey the commands of your father; however, you ought at least not to offend him. His invitation deserves an excuse if you do not accept it."

I was sensible of the justice of his reproach; however, I could find no pretence which promised to justify my disobedience to his command.

"I think I have hit upon something that will do," said the Count after some meditation. "I think—but I will go and settle every thing—"

So saying, he left me abruptly. I could not conceive what he was about.

After half an hour he returned with a surgeon:

"You have been thrown off your horse," he said to me, "and received a violent contusion on your left arm. This gentleman will attest it for the consideration of twenty ducats; you may send the certificate to your father, as a proof that you cannot travel."

I paid the sum to the surgeon, received the certificate, wrote a few lines, and sent both to my father.

We settled that in case my father should write a second letter, the surgeon should return an answer in my name, pretending that on account of the inflammation of my arm, he could not allow me to make the least exertion, and keep my father's letter till I should acquaint him by a few lines to what place I should wish to have it sent. An additional present of twenty-five ducats made him promise to execute every thing with the greatest punctuality, and we got in our carriage. "Why," said I, on the road to myself, "why has Hiermanfor selected *me* for this secret embassy, in a country which my father has so frequently and anxiously advised me never to enter? What ground can he hope that the Queen will have the kindness for *me* to grant a prayer, the completion of which will prove so detrimental to her brother? For what reason has my father cautioned me so repeatedly against a country, to the centre of which Hiermanfor allures me by the most powerful arguments and pro-

"mises? On what ground does that singular man expect me to have so much power over the heart of the Queen Regent, whom I never have seen, while he on the other side endeavours to fill my heart with fear and suspicion with respect to the Regent, who never has seen, nor received the least injury from me? What may be the reason that the Queen will receive me so kindly, while my presence in the capital is to be kept so secret from the King and his Prime Minister? Has perhaps my father committed a crime against the state of Fr**ce? but how could I in that case expect to be well received by the Queen? Or arises the hatred which the Regent entertains against our family from private reasons, and if so, why should my father think it so necessary to conceal them from his son? Or should the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King arise from one source, will the former be obliged to conceal her interview with me from the monarch, from fear of the King, or of the consort of her bed? did my father conceal from me the real reason of his earnest injunction to beware of the Fr**ch territory from political or domestic motives? Is the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King confined only to my father, or are they perhaps extended to my person on account of my parent? and if that should be the case, how great and of a singular nature must the obligations be which the Queen owes to my father, if she shall sacrifice to his son the interest of her brother? How great and singular must be the crime which my father has committed against the King, since the latter will punish the son for it with death! Should perhaps the crime which my father has committed against the Regent form the base of the obligations which the Queen seems to owe to my parent?"

These questions which I put to myself, in order to unfold so important a mystery, led me to no kind of certainty, but only to conjectures which, however, soon were deprived of their force by other reflections, for which reason I resolved to check my curiosity till the expected interview with the Queen should put me in a way to develop the mystery in a more satisfactory manner.

Meanwhile we continued our journey with the greatest expedition; however, the impetuosity with which we drove caused the carriage to be overturned within thirty miles of the frontiers of Fr**ce. I escaped without the least injury, but the Count received a violent contusion on his left arm which obliged him to keep his bed four days, and taught us the disagreeable truth, that impetuosity leads as slowly to the mark as tardiness.

On the fifth day the impatience of the Count could not be bridled any longer by the arguments of the surgeon; he insisted upon our departure, and we arrived in Fr**ce against midnight.

We continued our journey the night following, and arrived with the first dawn of the twelfth day at P**s. The Count went that very day to beg an audience of the Queen, and his triumphant looks on his return gave me reason to hope that he had succeeded in his application. His words confirmed the truth of my conjecture: "O!

"my Lord!" said he, "I have seen her, have put the papers in her hand—Heavens! what an amiable woman!—born to be a queen, she needs not the shallow assistance of artificial dignity, in order to instill that awe which cannot but seize even the strongest mind at the sight of her! Born to conquer every heart, she knows how to raise up to her, by her condescending affability, those whom the splendor of her greatness has subjected to her. The sensation which prevailed in my heart when I stood before her, was a mixture of profound regard and confidence, which however made room for the liveliest joy, when the Queen, after the perusal of the papers, approached me with a sisterly confidence, saying, with unspeakable sweetness: 'Dear Count, tell the Duke of Ca**na, that I shall be very glad to see him, that the King will go into the country to-morrow afternoon, and that I expect your friend at night.' Then she told me what measures we are to take in order to escape the vigilance of intruding looks, and dismissed me, having previously made me a present of this ring."

This account raised my curiosity to the highest pitch of impatience. I scarcely could await the night when I was to be introduced to the Queen. My hotel appeared to me a prison, and time to proceed with the tardiness of a snail. At length the wished for hour arrived. It was ten o'clock at night when I went to the park which joins the palace, disguised in the garb of an Italian Abbe. The chief lady of the bed-chamber who was waiting for us at the gate, conducted us through several rows of trees, in order to know whether we were not watched by invisible witnesses, and then directed her steps towards the palace, requesting the Count to await my return behind a thick hedge. Having advanced a few steps, she turned into a by walk leading to the walls of the palace, which on one side, were covered with an espalier, behind which my conductress bade me to follow her. We had not proceeded twenty steps when she desired me to stop, making some motions against the wall, upon which part of it opened in form a little gate, through which she pushed me. There I was received by a second lady, who had been waiting for me with a dark lanthron, leading me up a narrow staircase into an apartment which was faintly lighted.—Then she rung a bell and left me suddenly.

I had waited five minutes, and no one came. Undescribable emotions agitated my mind. I had waited five minutes more, when at length somebody was stirring in the next room. A secret door was opened, and the Queen appeared on the threshold, with a light in her hand. My head bowed to her while my heart met her, harrowed by strange sensations. Her eye gazed at me a long while, and her wan cheeks assumed a crimson hue. "Are you the Duke of Ca**ina?" she said after a long silence, with an undescribable sweetness, and in a trembling accent. "Yes, I am the Duke of Ca**ina!" was my reply. "Then follow me!" she resumed. I followed and she seated herself on a sofa, commanding me to take a seat by her side. "Give me leave most gracious Queen," said I, bending my knee, "previously to address a prayer to your Majesty, to which nothing but the confidence in

"the greatness of your soul, and love for my country, could have emboldened me."

"Not before you rise and take a seat by my side!" she replied, raising me up.

Her unexpected gracious condescension, and a certain perplexity which she seemed anxious to conceal, confounded me so much, that I could not find a proper preamble to my prayer, and yet I had taken so much care to prepare myself for that occasion. She relieved me from my confusion, which she seemed not to notice. "Count Clairval," said she, "has delivered to me, the day before yesterday, some papers which have prepared me for your visit and prayer."

"Then it will be no secret to your Majesty, that a design is carrying on to deliver my oppressed country from the tyrannic yoke of Sp**n, and to restore the reigns of government to the lawful King? I am come, most gracious Queen, to implore you in the name of justice, to make use of your powerful influence in behalf of that undertaking."

"How? I should lend my assistance to a design tending to injure my brother?" So saying, she looked at me, not with anger, but with an undescribable inquisitiveness.

"Most gracious Queen! I could----it is----if your Majesty----"

"How could you form the design to travel hither in order to stir up the sister against the brother? Dear Duke, you cannot but confess that this is rather singular. How did this idea come in your head?"

"Is it possible your Majesty should be ignorant of what has prompted me to risk this daring step? Should not the papers which the Count has put in the hands of your Majesty, have cleared up this point in a satisfactory manner?"

"Those papers contain nothing but a previous account of your arrival, of the impending revolution, and proofs of its justice. The writer neither has signed his name, nor do I know the hand-writing."

This I had not expected, having been confident that Hiermanfor would have discovered himself to the Queen, in order to support my prayer by his authority. You may therefore easily conceive how great my consternation was, when I saw myself necessitated to enforce, as an utter stranger to the court, a prayer which could not but appear to the Queen daring to the highest degree. My consternation was too great to be concealed. "Speak without fear:" said the Queen, with inimitable sweetness. "Tell me without reserve, who has persuaded you to take this step."

"An unknown being," I exclaimed, "that has haunted me every where on my travels, has directed all my actions with irresistible power, governs me invisibly, with equal goodness and terror, has saved me from a watery grave, and penetrated through the flames in order to save the picture of my mother."

A glowing redness covered the countenance of the Queen. "Your mother?" she stammered, "the picture of your mother?"

"It is a miniature painting, set in jewels---"

"Have you got it with you?" she enquired hastily.

It was in my letter-case. I took it out of the case she received it with trembling hands, holding it against the light, and endeavoured in vain to check the tears which were starting from her eyes; her bosom was heaving violently, as if retaining with difficulty the vehement emotions which seemed to be going to burst forth. She fixed her eyes a long while on the picture in silent emotion, as it seemed to gain time for recovering from the strong effect of sensations, the source of which, I was unable to divine.

"Is she dead?" she enquired at length, without looking at me.

"She died twelve years ago," I replied, sighing.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 15th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Major E. HOPKINS, late of Georgia, to Mrs. SIMS of this city.

On Friday evening the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. ABRAHAM DEGRAW, to Miss SARAH SLOCUM, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Capt. JAMES PRENDERGAST, to Miss MARY BURJEAU, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much indebted to MATILDA for her beautiful poetic production, which we regret, came too late for this number; we flatter ourselves she will continue a correspondence, which must afford infinite pleasure to every reader. The piece signed C. S. Q. is received, and shall have a place as soon as possible. The beautiful Elegiac lines by ELEGIOGRAPHUS shall be given the first vacancy.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 19th to the 25th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.	
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.				
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100		8. 1. 6.	8. 1. 6.	
JUNE 19	76	79	75	80	NW do. do.	clear light wind.	
20	72	50	72	71	N. SE. do.	cloudy do. clear.	
21	68	25	74	59	71	SE. do. do.	cloudy do. clear.
22	49	59	75	50	72	SE S. do.	clear do. do.
23	68	75	76	73	E. S. do.	clear do. do.	
24	67	76		73	S. do. do.	clear do. do.	
25	72	77	25	80	S. do. do.	clear cloudy clear.	

EPIGRAM.

ON MEETING A MEDICAL FRIEND, AND MENTIONING THE DEATH OF A PENURIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

"So DICK is dead!"—"What! is friend RICHARD dead?"

"And never call'd on me to raise his head?"

"No; call'd on you! more frugal far was he,

"He call'd on Death, who kills without a Fee."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SICKNESS.

OH health, fair blooming health, where art thou fled,
 Ah whither hast thou stretch'd thine airy wings,
 That I no more thy happy influence feel,
 Nor hear thy voice, nor taste thy richest sweets.
 Why wast thou so impatient to be gone,
 Why in such haste to bid a long adieu ;—
 Yes, thou art gone, and with thee all the sweets,
 The joys of life, are fled ; pleasure no more
 Elates the pensive bosom thou hast left ;
 Content and peace no more remain my guests,
 But all within is discontent and dread :
 And discord and distress with all the woes,
 Which can afflict a soul still o'er my heart
 Shake their dull heavy wings and scatter fears
 And heart corroding cares.—Once more return
 With all thy jocund train. Daughter of heav'n ;
 Oh come, and cheer my cheerless downcast soul
 And with thee bring heav'n's dearest, choicest gift,
 Blest gratitude, whose animating voice
 Shall teach me to enjoy all I possess.

JULIANA.

New-York, June 25, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO OLIVIA.

YOU bid me, dear Olivia, write
 Of Friendship's wond'rous power,
 Tell with what fond yet calm delight,
 She fills each vacant hour.

You say, her charms I must express,
 With every moving art,
 And own that she alone can bless
 With peace, the human heart.

But why this useless task to me,
 No phantom I'll pursue,
 When I with so much ease may see,
 Th' original in you.

HENRICUS.

New-York, June 23, 1796.

A DEFINITION OF RELIGION.

RELIGION is a lively pleasing flame,
 That brightens, not deforms the human frame,
 Close in the covert of the heart it lies,
 Beams there, not sternly threatening in the eyes ;
 An unaffected ease its actions grace,
 Known by the motives of the soul: not face ;
 No sour constraint, no forc'd concern it wears,
 No hidden sighs, nor ostentatious tears,
 No self approving shrugs, no censure, strife,
 Nor spleen at all the harmless joys of life :
 As far from these is virtue's native charms,
 As settled courage from confus'd alarms,
 As solid reason's calm confederate strain,
 From the wild phrenzies of a feverish brain!

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OF MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

THE sun has rose to deck the skies,
 The clouds are capt with golden hues,
 And sportive birds in columns rise,
 To whistle forth the glad some news.
 The powers of heaven with might portray,
 The influent strength of God,
 And great first causes do essay,
 Th' effects of him abroad.
 Then how can I, with guilt intense,
 Invite ingratitude,
 Unmindful of such works immense,
 And praise not when I should.
 Reflection tells me, I am wrong,
 And penitent must be,
 Unless I do proclaim in song,
 The works of wond'rous He.
 Then let it be as thou hast said,
 To which I'll strait conform
 And magnify thee, as our head,
 Thou " ruler of the storm."
 At every thought my bosom glows,
 While gratitude returns,
 And all my soul is sweet repose
 While angel-like it burns.

LUCIUS.

Pine Street, June 24, 1796.

VERSES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER-STORM.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate,
 That thunders thro' the sky.
 Protected by that land, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.
 In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
 The light'ning's lurid glare,
 It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
 That breaths the vernal air.
 Thro' nature's ever varying scene,
 By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
 The one eternal end of heaven
 Is universal good.
 With like beneficent effect
 O'er flaming aether glows,
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
 Or blushes in the rose.

TO A FRIEND,

Under a dark Dispensation in Life.

SHRINK not to meet with adverse fate apart,
 When black the scene, then bravely arm your heart ;
 That God, who brings the wint'ry storms and rain,
 Returns the flow'ry spring to grace the plain :
 Let cheerful hope support your troubled mind,
 The storm shall cease, and calm succeed the wind.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN BULL, No. 115, CHERRY-STREET, where every Kind of Printing work is
 executed with the utmost Accuracy and Dispatch.—SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 2s. per month)
 are taken in at the Printing-Office, and by E. MITCHELL, Bookseller, No. 9, Maiden-Lane.

